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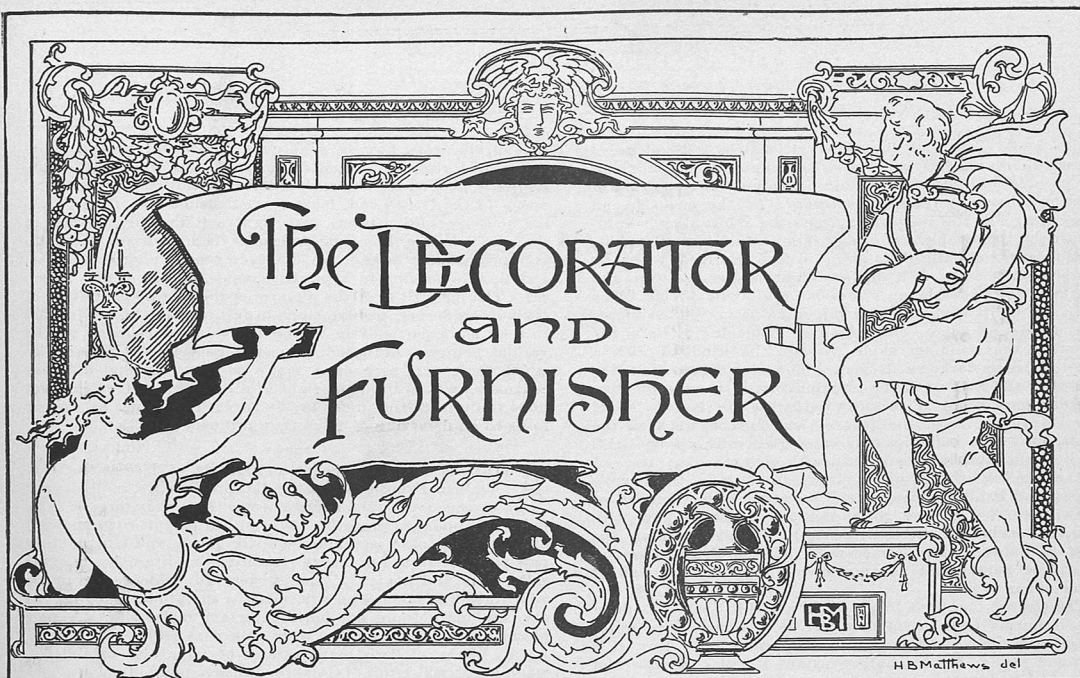
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WHETHER we consider the Columbian Exposition as a decoration of the Western prairies, or a decoration, anthropologically speaking, of "the wild and woolly West," its mission of beauty will certainly humanize the unkempt wilderness with ideas of art that have been hitherto unknown. The location of the World's Fair at Chicago was a fortunate event for our Western people. A large proportion of the aggregation of humanity that resides between Buffalo and San Francisco are untraveled, village school taught natives, whose highest idea of architecture is the clap-board church or cottage, and whose ideas on art in general are necessarily crude and of limited extent. In the World's Fair these people have been provided with a standard of excellence in every department of human endeavor, such as is rarely given to even the most advanced communities.

IN architecture, the lesson was most imposing, and fairly reached the proportions of the sublime—a transcendent picture, in which human greatness and glory were enwrought with the elements of wealth and order, air and sunshine, which made music of an immortal strain, for souls hungering for just such a scene.

What language can express the amazing joy that filled the soul that gazed on that Dionysian festival of mighty buildings, diversified with porticoes, columns, domes, towers, kiosks, porches and terraces—all glorified with the infinite radiance of sunlight; and beyond the grand canal, beyond the golden statue of the Republic, beyond and between the colossal columns of the Peristyle, lay the purple horizon of Lake Michigan—a Grecian environment for a scene of more than Grecian grandeur and beauty.

THE cause of such magnificent celebration of the progress of civilization was propitious. It is the quadri-centenary of the discovery of a New World, and the ambition of a great nation, fired with its invincible youth, essayed to glorify the occasion by an effort grander than the human mind had hitherto ever dared to contemplate. Its purpose was to mark such an epoch with a work that would transcend the finest achievement of history. The work was consummated with a boundless prodigality of thought and effort. In contemplating such a scene, the soul rises on uplifted wings to a higher plane of existence, and thrilled through and through with such absolute glory exclaims, "This is the end of all toil and ambition! This is the sum of life, the apotheosis of the ideal!"

SEEN by day, the view impressed one with a sense of royal magnificence, but when seen by night it is something grander still. It was absolute perfection. Let us think of the scene as memory recalls its splendor. As the sun sets, an orange glory fills the Western sky, and the White City is lighted with the fading splendor of day. The statue of the Republic, all gold, faces the path of Empire, its face glorified with the conflagration of sunset. A shadowy light is seen between the columns of the peristyle, on whose horizon night broods. The electric arc lights that surround the grand basin brilliantly outline the court of honor, while the ever reddening lights in the interiors of the buildings shine through the windows with a greater lustre as darkness deepens. The city moves into the shadows of the East until the illumination of the sunset dies. Then darkness comes, when softly outflashes the line of electric lights on the roofs of the palaces and terrace walls of the lagoon, until both buildings and water glow with a fairy light. It is lightning starring the palaces with gold.

The Administration Building is wreathed in a triple circle of light, and its dome is rayed and crowned with traceries of golden fire. The interior roofs and the peristyle glow with lights that warm the pavement beneath. People swarm on the roadways, obliterate the terrace walls, loiter in dense masses on the bridges, perambulate the porticoes of the buildings, to feast on the climax of art.

The electric fountains break forth and lift their pillars of red and purple foam a hundred feet in the air. The water changes to a blue, and thence to a deep green hue. Now it is green and yellow, and in another instant it seems a shower of gold, which fades to a milky white; when suddenly a hundred cascades of water flash with all the colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. While all this festival color is furnished by the fountains, powerful electric search-lights from the tops of the buildings illuminate each other's domes and towers with the radiance of noonday. Steam and electric launches run up and down the lagoon, displaying colored lights. Strains of sweet music from the plaza reverberate on the ears of the tens of thousands of people. There is a warmth in the evening air, and in the enthusiastic repose of such magnificent surroundings one is transported with delight.

VERY quaint and beautiful are the hand carved flower stands, what-nots and tables, in the Hindoo style, which are exhibited by a Bombay merchant in the Manufacturers Building. The carved work was so intricate and seductive. There are tables after the Damascus pattern, inlaid with ivory and silver in geometrical patterns of amazing minuteness. The hand carved black wood and teak wood cabinets, chiffonieres, Indian tables, Koran holders and sandalwood boxes are carved in Bombay. An arch for a doorway, of teak wood, valued at six hundred dollars, is carved in dainty floral traceries. There are vases, cups and water bottles in hand carved Benare brass, and a large collection of brass enamel ware in blue, red and green. Jardinières, lotus flower vases and water jars are shown in Tanjore ware of brass, copper and silver. Carved and enameled silver plaques and repoussé work in gold, lacquer, manifested in all the quaint devices of the East, serve to enrich a thousand dainty articles.

A MATERIAL that is even more splendid than Mexican onyx, for the construction of mantelpieces, cabinets, pedestals, etc., is the petrified wood from Arizona. Trees that have lain buried in the soil for thousands of years have become transferred into veritable stone, or something more precious than stone, namely, crystallized marble, clouded with every conceivable color, and at the same time displaying the actual growth of the wood. A remarkable exhibit of this precious material, wrought into mantels, fountains, chairs, caskets, etc., as well as sections of the petrified forest, was shown in the Manufacturers Building at the World's Fair in Chicago. The designs of the articles were not as artistic as they might be, being rather Western in conception, but the work executed was sufficient to show the wonderful possibilities of this remarkable material, which is susceptible of taking a polish like a mirror, and which is as curious as it is valuable.

THE visitor at the exhibit of pictures in the fine art palace at Chicago, emerged therefrom with a confused impression of pearls, castles, nudities, maternities, mermaids,

isles in blue seas, flowers, odalisques, popes and priests, toilet scenes, historical scenes, portraits, processions, inmates of almshouses, schoolrooms, womans' samples of flowers and seasons, scenes in the Holy Land, fairies, woodland bowers, Diana, Italian houses, wedding feasts, girls by rivers, marshes, scenes in the amphitheater, Pompeian balconies, mountain streams, military processions, fashionable dames in repose, plums, peacocks, and flowers, feeding turkeys, bacchantes, and ships in a frozen sea. The mere titles of the pictures could give no expression of their magnificence, and we hope in future issues of our journal to refer more particularly to the individual excellence of the various paintings exhibited. The vast collection of pictures, of which there were perhaps as many as ten thousand different canvasses, was in itself the sight of a lifetime, and we can not hope to do more than refer briefly to such paintings as appear to us to be deserving of more than ordinary attention.

AMONGST the many beautiful exhibits of lace at the Columbian Exposition, that of Edward Detenre, of Paris, was conspicuous. He showed some fine examples of silk guipure, appliqué on satin. A beautiful pair of curtains were of Arabian guipure, appliqué on silk plush, and still another pair were of Marie Antoinette ribbon work. Examples of Lorraine point and Louis XV. point were in evidence. Guipure gold thread, appliqué on silk, made a sumptuous hanging, as also Arabian guipure appliqué on cream moire silk. A pair of curtains in Duchesse lace were valued at \$460.

A. Waree, of Paris, manufacturer of laces, also exhibited a magnificent collection of Guipure, Brussels point, Duchesse and other laces, and Saurer Freres, of Nismes, of whom Messrs. Shoemaker & Co., of New York, are the agents, exhibited a beautiful tapestry, the subject of which represented modern and aboriginal America. Their Louis XV. and XVI. chairs in carved gilt, upholstered in tapestry panels, were beautiful creations.

ARCHITECTS assert that never before have men devoted so large a portion of their wealth and time and attention to house-building as at this present period. Homes are no longer regarded as mere shelters, as fortresses against or refuges from the world, but each private dwelling is rather an individual effort to give outward and visible expression to the inward and spiritual grace its master is supposed to possess. True, the commonplace predominates, and failures far outnumber successes, but that is because a handsome house is quite as difficult of attainment as a handsome character. So many forces go to make up the whole that subtlety and nobility are equal requisites in planning and perfecting outline and detail. Some one has recently said that to know the flawless beauty of a human dwelling is to visit Fontainebleau in May. Picture a summer Sunday morning, going across a great broad plain, a splendid space stretching out to the very horizon and bathed in bright, dry French sunshine. And all over this smooth land are pretty little French cottages, each one set in the midst of pear-trees white as snow, and sweet as honey with blossoms. Every now and then a clean and tiny village comes in sight, and finally, Fontainebleau.

Here are shown Napoleon's rooms in which he signed his abdication, and also Marie Antoinette's apartments. That woman was a lady; she had two big bath-rooms. One of them, by Boucher, is very beautifully decorated with all manner of loveliness and fluttering ribbons, rosy clouds, pipes and timbrels, and vanishing inward, as it were, with time into a vague brown atmosphere like that you always see things through in dreams. Finally, we came to a great gallery filled with books. From there we turn into the older part, and, for the first time, we found a real palace, a real royal dwelling place. After the time of Louis XIII. no one knew how to be truly splendid. The Grand Monarque was only tawdry. Such tapestries, such chimneys to the very ceiling, with life-sized men and horses sculptured on them; such monumental chairs; such great carved and painted beams; such windows, six feet deep; such solid, superb ponderousness! It makes one loathe the cheap flimsiness of all democratic things and ideas. There are three apartments: a gallery by Francois I., one by Henri II., and a room by Henri IV., that are simply the apotheosis of the human habitation. Nor are the grounds about this noble structure less enchanting than the building itself. Imagine driving for hours among endless spaces of beech-trees in their fresh, early foliage! The leaves are like nothing earthly, they are so ravishingly fresh and translucent. Such a drive gives one a sort of delicious ecstasy that is nearly painful.